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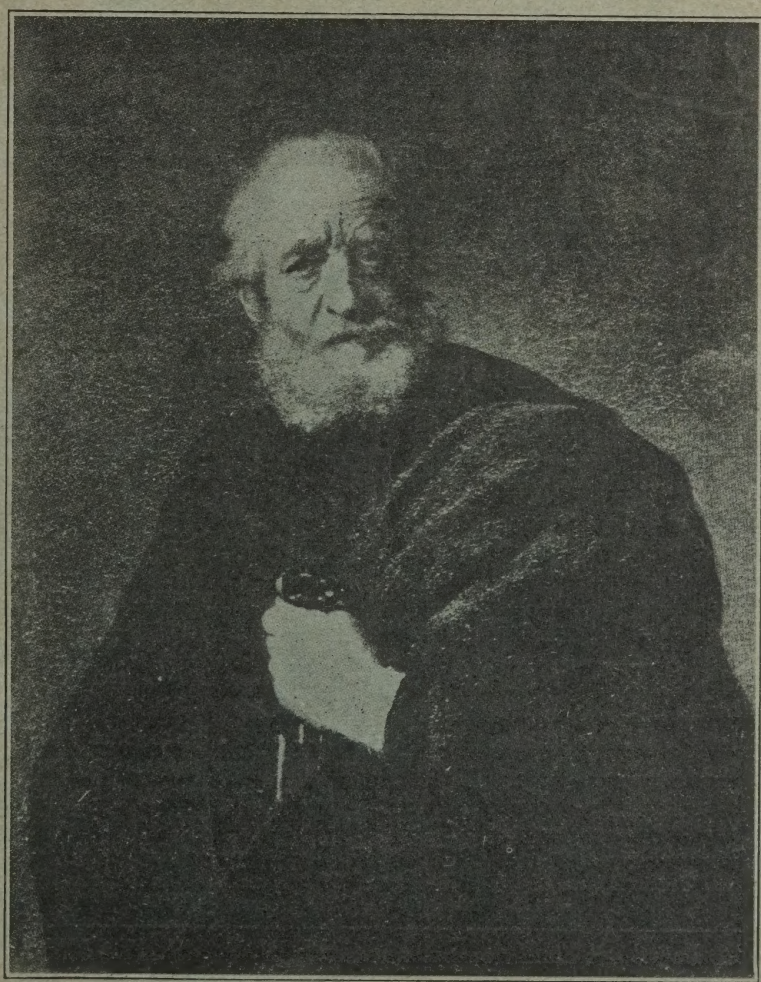
BOOKSTACKS OFFICE

Mission

Volume I

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, JUNE, 1909

Number 6



SIMON PETER

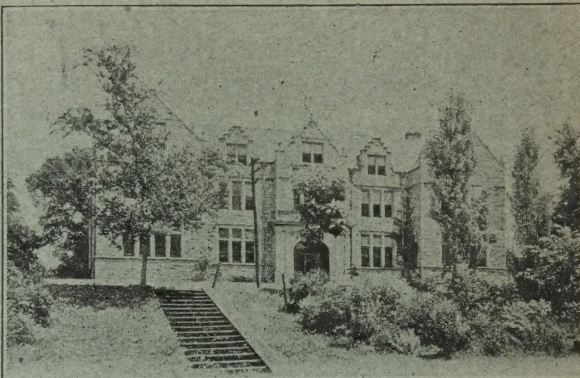
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Demand for Our Graduates—All have found instant and responsible work as soon as ready to go out. The trouble has been to keep them here long enough for thorough preparation.

Extraordinary Opportunities for hearing eminent men who come here at the call of the University for lectures and addresses. These were heard this year: Pres. Elliot, of Harvard; Pres. Schurman, of Cornell; Walter Wellman, of the Chicago Record-Herald; Mr. Bryan, of the United States; Hugh Black, of Union Theological Seminary, etc., etc.

Preparatory Bible Courses, for those who are not able to enter the University and Bible College courses, will be given. These courses will be adjusted to the needs of such students as are pursuing preparatory studies in the University High School and elsewhere and will look toward the entrance of the student into the more advanced work of the Bible College later on.

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Volume 1

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI, JUNE, 1909

Number 6

News for Christian Men

CHRISTIAN MEN exists to print the news about men's work. No other publication among us is as interested in such news or will pay as much attention to it. We want the news. Some of it we can smell from afar, some of it we can go out and dig up, some of it we can gather in with rakes, hoes and wireless telegraph instruments, but some of it, equally important, we will never get at all, unless you send it to us. Won't you do that? Recently we heard of a Brotherhood in a local church where the General Secretary had made an address. This so stirred up the men that soon after they planned a men's meeting on their own account, imported an eloquent speaker from another State and had a great time, but no report whatever was sent to CHRISTIAN MEN, although our general religious papers were duly notified. We ought to at least have had a look in on this news. This is not related to criticise anybody. The pastor himself told us all about it and agreed with us that we should have had the preference in the matter of a report upon it. We merely mention this to point the moral and adorn the tale. Tell us the tales, brethren. Tell us the tales.

The Vision in Ohio

"Say, if the State Committee on Brotherhood in Ohio can get the money to pay postage, we can take one thousand men up to Toledo next May. Won't that mean things to the Kingdom in Ohio!!!! It will take most diligent work but I really believe it can be done; if so, why not do it?" So writes J. K. Shellenberger, Chairman of State Brotherhood Committee. He has caught the vision. W. F. Rothenberger, of Cleveland; J. B. Kehl, Columbus; Wm. Spanton, Akron, and Walter S. Goode, of Youngstown, are the rest of this great and important committee. They also have the vision. Now let a few live Brotherhood men in Ohio without more ado send them the money to start with. A few dollar bills, some fives, and a few checks for ten or twenty-five from laymen of the state who believe that Ohio can and ought to do great things. It will inspire them. They will start with a rush and will kindle a sacred flame at Toledo whose gleams shall light the world.

The True Ministers Program

BY H. H. PETERS, Field Secretary, Eureka College.

The statement is frequently made, that the business of the preacher is "to preach the gospel, to marry the lovers, to visit the sick, to preach funerals and to bury the dead." It will pay to look into this proposition. It may be that in this statement, which is made to exclude the preacher from many of the activities of life, after all, is found the real program of the true minister of Christ.

"To preach the Gospel?" Yes, by all means. Preach the gospel of personal honor, industrial justice, commercial integrity, social purity, civic righteousness, political honesty and religious liberty.

"To marry the lovers?" Of course. But what lovers? Those who in love want to establish homes? Yes. But the preacher ought to unite other things. The material and spiritual, that we may have strong bodies animated by the spirit of God. The sacred and the secular, that we may regard it as much a religious duty to vote right as to lead a prayer-meeting. Religion and life, that our lives may be correct as well as our creeds. Politics and religion, that men may not vote one way and pray another. Individual happiness and social well-being, that our talk of democracy may not become a pious noise. But there are some things the preacher can never join together. The saloon and the state; the church and the "gang;" the pious deacon and the political booster; the children of light and booze-slinging henchmen; the Lord's own and the Devil's servants.

"To visit the sick?" Certainly. The sick, physically, intellectually and spiritually. He should help remove political cancers, social consumption, religious nervousness, warts, barnacles, boils, corns, and all other ills and ailments of our social, civic, intellectual and religious life.

"To preach funerals?" Always. Funerals of both good and bad. But of things and institutions as well as persons. Everything that is dead ought to have a funeral.

"Bury the dead?" Yes, the preacher should bury the dead. Especially those who have an appearance of life, but who are really "dead ones." The dead legislator, who sells his birthright for a mess of greens; the dead judge, whose vision of right is blurred by the dollar sign; the dead politician, who exchanges his honor for a petty office; the dead merchant, who sells for less than cost, yet gets rich; the dead teacher, who accommodates his message to the prejudice of the public; the dead preacher, who barter his office as a prophet of God for a few dollars added to the subscription list; the dead town, that sells the virtue of its womanhood, the honor of its manhood and the safety of its childhood for a few paltry dollars, with which to pay policemen, who can always prove an alibi, and to support political boosters, who are warts on the hand of destiny. Yes, bury the dead. Dead forms and ceremonies, dead creeds and rituals, dead prayers and temples, dead theologies and philosophies, dead states and churches. Bury the dead!

The duty of the minister is "to preach the gospel, to marry the lovers, to visit the sick, to preach funerals and to bury the dead."

Missouri State Convention

Look alive, you Missourians!

Missouri State Convention, St. Louis, June 18th to 23d, Union Avenue Christian Church.

Brotherhood Banquet, Tuesday afternoon, 6:30 to 7:30, June 22d. Address by General Secretary P. C. Macfarlane.

Brotherhood Session of the Convention, Wednesday night, June 23d. Address by C. M. Chilton, of St. Joseph, on "The Aroused Manhood of the Church of Christ in Missouri."

The Power of Song

George E. Sandborn is the minister at Sandborn, Indiana. He takes a keen interest in men and in men's work, and having launched a Brotherhood Bible Class, prepared for them a rallying song which we present here:

TUNE—"MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."

"Bring the good old Bible, friend, we'll sing a glorious song;
Sing it with a spirit that will move the world along;
Sing it as we ought to sing it"—five and seventy strong,
While we are working for Jesus.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Brotherhood Bible-class;
Hurrah! Hurrah! we've found our work at last!
So we'll sing the chorus from the morning till the night,
While we are working for Jesus.

"We're growing and expanding, and we never mean to quit,
For Loyalty's our motto and we mean it every bit,"
And we'll work till every man is pleased to help with grit,
While we are working for Jesus. (CHORUS)

"Then let us to our motto be most loyal as we go,
Till we've crossed our Moab and have won our Jericho;"
Till men by our "Loyalty" our Bible-school shall know
While we are working for Jesus. (CHORUS)

Prepared for the Brotherhood Bible-class, and the Bible-school at the Christian Church. Where these lines are not of our own wording credit is given by quotation marks.—Geo. E. OWEN, Christian Minister.

There is power in song. How many times in the weary struggles of the Israelites to escape from Egypt and from the terrors of the desert, were their hearts fired, their lagging footsteps quickened by the music of a song. With a song, Deborah rallied the craven-hearted men for a campaign that ended in victory and with a song, she embalmed it forever in Hebrew history. With a song, David recorded his love for Saul and Jonathan; with a song he chronicled his victories; with a song, he chanted his highest faith, his holiest aspirations: to the broken sobbings of low and painful music, he poured out the bitterness of his heart's grief and penitence and with a song he recorded the quiet peace his soul had found in green pastures beside still waters. In songs of mourning, the exiles swept their way to Babylon, morning, noon and evening they hymned their penitence to God and when the long days of captivity were done, when rude walls had risen once again on Zion's Holy Mount, it was in a verse of triumphant song that the life of the nation was born again.

Mary and Elizabeth sang together in the day of their expectation. Angels crooned above the manger of the Bethlehemite. Simeon and Anna sang when their eyes had seen the glory of the Prince that was to be. With the echoes of a song ringing in his ears, Jesus went out to Gethsemane. The charitable women of Jerusalem chanted their impersonal mourning song as his eyelids closed in death and I am sure that in the Garden of the Arimathean, every flower and petal, every leaf and bird and branch was singing for joy when the Prince of Immortal Life loosed the fragrance of his eternal being amid its quiet walks.

Shall we sing? Oh, yes, let us sing unto the Lord a new song of victory and of light and of leading. Paul and Silas sang and an earthquake rocked the prison walls which held them. Let men sing today with all heart, with all fervor and with all the mystic soul mastery of music's wildest spell and the walls that hold a soul in prison today will crumble and men come forth to the freedom of that high life which is hid with Christ in God.

Ohio had a great convention the other day. There were one hundred and eighty-six men together. They felt the thrill of comradeship, the touch and inspiration of high purpose and the consecrating leadership of Christ, but the mountain height of holy enthusiasm was ascended when under the guidance of that sweet leader of song, W. E. M. Hackelman, with John P. Sala, strong-souled pastor of the church at Elyria, leading the procession, they marched four abreast in a line two blocks long through the streets of the city and around its public square, singing in full throated masculine chorus:

"Onward Christian soldier, marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus, going on before."

There is power in song and there is power in men. Let us put the two together and sing the grace of God into the heart of American manhood.

Oregon State Convention

Oh, you Oregonians! Oregon State Convention, Turner, June 24th to July 4th.

Brotherhood Banquet, Monday, 4:00 to 5:30 p. m., June 28th.

Address, "The Broad View of Brotherhood Work," by Secretary P. C. Macfarlane, 7:30 p. m., same day.

A Brotherhood Man

We counted it singularly happy that CHRISTIAN MEN was able last month to put before the Brotherhood such a splendid record of the life and work of Thomas W. Phillips, because of Brother Phillips' relation to the Brotherhood itself. He was one of the earliest and has been one of the most insistent champions of the Brotherhood movement. Stalwart in this as in all else, he is ever prepared to further its interests.

The Sons of God

O men who call yourselves the Sons of God

Look up! lift up! You have a race to save.

Be not divided, build up a Brotherhood

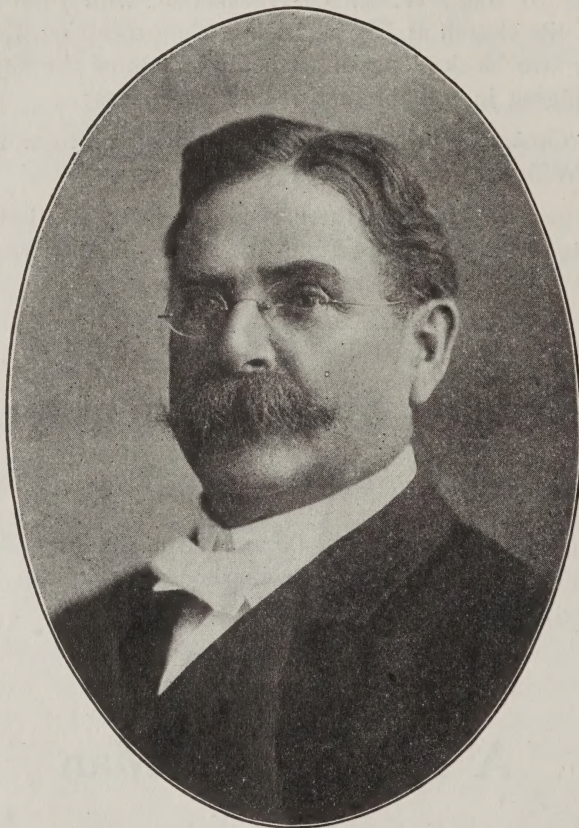
Whose embodied ranks, eager, stalwart, brave,

Give to right a throne, to wrong a grave.

JAMES MILTON LOWE.

Missouri Mourns

And the
Whole
Brother-
hood
with
Her



John
H.
Hardin
is
Dead

J. H. HARDIN

His life was eloquent. From the grave it speaks to us in deeds not words.

HIS ACTIVITY—*Born* in Trimble County, Kentucky, November 1, 1848. Studied—Kentucky University and University of Missouri. Pastor—at Mexico, Huntsville, Hannibal, Mt. Zion, Liberty and Richmond, all in Missouri, and he was one of the best pastors Missouri has ever known.

BIBLE SCHOOL—Largely instrumental in organizing Missouri Sunday-School Association and became the first Sunday-School Evangelist in the state. His splendid power of organization, his talent as a preacher and his genius as a singer placed the work at once on a high plane. Our Bible School work owes great things to this great-hearted, great-souled man.

CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY AT CANTON—President in 1887 and continued with great success for two years.

General Secretary of the American Christian Missionary Society.

Corresponding Secretary of Missouri Christian Missionary Society for a short time.

Evangelist for the New England States.

Editor of Sunday-School literature.

EUREKA COLLEGE—President for five years and achieved great things, freeing the institution from debt and greatly enlarging its endowment.

FINALLY—For nearly four years he has been leader of our Bible School hosts in Missouri. There came a time when the new ideas in Bible School scope and purposes demanded a forward movement as in the very beginning, Brother Harlan proved to be the man of the hour, so again, in the providence of God, when this new movement demanded a leader, our brother was available. I need not say how fully he met the expectations and how well he deserved the confidence of his brethren.

He was a man of stainless honor; the life he lived was an open book, on the pages of which were written things that were clean, beautiful and strong. He was a man of supreme faith. To him God was a very present one. His confidence in Him as a hearer and answerer of prayer was beautiful. Not long since, he said to the writer, when something dark had come into his life, "Brother Abbott, tell God about it, he will open the way." There was no littleness or narrowness about him, yet he that dared in his presence to present ideas that he thought subversive of personal faith in Jesus, would hear his voice in vigorous protest. He gloried in the teaching of the New Testament; the plea for union in order to the conquering of the world for his Lord, was the dearest wish and desire of his heart.

HIS LAST DAYS WERE NOT SAD DAYS—He had long desired that the end might find him still in the harness, and God granted him the desire of his heart. Only a few days of imprisonment in the sick room, facing death without fear, the end came to him as peacefully as dies the summer day at eventide.

T. A. ABBOTT, Corresponding Secretary, Missouri Christian Missionary Society.

The Brotherhood Emblem



The prize of \$10.00 offered in the April number for a design for an emblem to be worn as a badge, pin or button, by Brotherhood men has finally been decided in favor of A. N. Daniels, of San Francisco, Cal. The design selected appears herewith in black and white. The color scheme is as follows: Background red, with rim of gold. The star, cross and letters gold, with a heart of white in each. With this decision of the committee goes also the selection of Brotherhood colors, red and gold, red as signifying life, and gold as implying consecration. The designs submitted, amounting to several hundred in number, presented a most difficult problem to the committee. The decision was arrived at by selecting the twenty most likely, and from this ten, and from the ten, three. After this had been done, and the committee was hesitating in its judgment between Aden G. Pippitt, R. A. Graham, and John Williams, the design of A. N. Daniels reached the office. Mr. Daniels designed the nameplate for CHRISTIAN MEN and is a personal friend of the General Secretary. For these reasons, the Secretary was reluctant to pass upon his design and tenderly threw it into the pile of rejected designs where it would have remained but that a member of the committee, Thomas S. Ridge, coming into the office in the Secretary's absence had the temerity to take out this package of rejected designs and go through them and carefully and conscientiously. He produced the Daniels design with a cry of triumph insisting that it was better than either of the three. The committee immediately sided with him, leaving the Secretary, who is a helpless agent in the case, in the very delicate position of announcing that his personal friend was the winner of the prize. The Secretary's natural fear is that he will be charged with favoritism whereas his only relation to the case was to deposit the design where it was only discovered and passed upon by the committee by accident. With tender regards to my friend A. N. D., I did my best to fix it so he could not win. We know some of the Brotherhood men who have contested will doubtless feel that their design was as good or better than the one selected. The committee have asked me to say that a great many things entered into the making up of their decision and not the least of these was the getting of a design which, while combining all the features desired, would stand reduction to the very small size of a button and yet preserve those features intact. This was the rock upon which the most elaborate designs were wrecked. The work upon many of those submitted was patient and painstaking and must have cost days and days of labor. It is a matter of deepest regret to the committee that so many of these handsome and laboriously wrought out designs must return with only a word from us.

Contestants who were defeated by Mr. Daniels need not feel badly about it. He is believed by many persons to be the most skillful penman in the United States. It is an art with him and he generally competes successfully whatever he enters. He was recently the winner of a prize of \$50.00 offered by a San

Francisco newspaper for the best design for a trade-mark for the city of San Francisco. The winning of the Brotherhood prize means little to him and it was for this reason perhaps that the Secretary was willing to sidetrack his offering without serious consideration. Since it is as it is, the Brotherhood is to be congratulated that at last we have an emblem satisfactory to our committee and we trust, satisfactory to all. The bids are now being received for the manufacture of this emblem in all grades and in different forms, that is, as a button, as a scarf pin, as a watch charm, and as a sleeve link. Below follow the names of those entitled to the highest honors in the contest, those entitled to special mention and those to honorable mention:

Prize Winner:

A. N. Daniels, San Francisco, Cal.

Most Honorable Mention:

Aden G. Pippit, Champaign, Ill.

R. A. Graham, Brooklyn, Iowa.

John Williams, Junction City, Kansas.

W. H. Betts, Newton, Iowa.

C. O. Blaney, Chicago, Ill.

W. P. Crowl, Cleveland, Ohio.

B. W. Huntsman, Adrian, Mich.

Katheryn Mockbee, Hughesville, Mo.

Special Honorable Mention:

James H. Payne, Los Angeles, Cal.

J. G. Ball, Havana, Ill.

Grace Brown, Kearney, Nebraska.

A. H. Tebbs, Jacksonville, Fla.

Lon Sagraves, Paintsville, Kentucky.

E. G. Barber, Stamford, Nebraska.

J. O. Heddleston, Liverpool, Ohio.

O. V. Williams, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

Honorable Mention:

Meta V. F. Wells, St. Louis, Mo.

Glen Terry, Wayland, Mich.

S. R. Webster, Rock Creek, Ohio.

W. C. Worley, Henry, Ill.

Jasper T. Moses, Indianapolis, Ind.

J. Durham Anthony, Winterville, Ga.

L. H. Sours, Greene, Iowa.

Miss Alice Jaeke, Pawnee City, Nebraska.

Granville P. Evans, Springfield, Mo.

Erma Littlefield, Emo, Ont.

Warren D. Sherwood, Lancaster, Pa.

Henrietta Darnall, Weston, Texas.

James W. Van Winkle, Mt. Vernon, Ky.

Simon Peter—Captain of Industry

By John Ray Ewers

Paul Sabatier, in his masterly book, "The Life of Francis of Assisi," remarks the tendency of the historian to surround his saint with light, thus increasing superstition but detracting from "communicable strength." We feel that there is nothing in common between us. This being most certainly true our first task is to take off St. Peter's halo. Peter was very much a real man, whose veins were filled with good red, bounding blood. Peter was not so unlike us; for there are today in our own Brotherhood of Disciples one hundred men who, if Jesus were here in the flesh to mold them, could attain to the rank of our so-called saint.

Let us try to see him as he was. His father's name was John. His mother, while we know nothing of her, must have been a warm-hearted and home-loving woman. Of one brother, at least, we know, Andrew, who was always leading some one to Jesus. The old homestead was back in the country at Bethsaida, but as prosperity came the family moved into the city of Capernaum. There Peter married and established a home of his own, into which Jesus entered, bringing with him health and happiness. Not a monk, but a man, was Peter. The joys and sorrows of family life he knew.

In those far-off days one of the profitable industries in the Galilee region was fishing, and, among the more prosperous firms of Capernaum was that of Peter, James, John and Co., Andrew being an unostentatious partner. Boats, nets and all the trappings needed belonged to the company, and servants assisted them in

their toil. Courage, resourcefulness, activity, physical strength, as well as practicability were demanded in their business. The precise social status of this industry we do not know. We do know that the wage system, as we have it with all its peculiar classifications, would not appear in this world for many, many decades. The object of our sketch could not strictly be called, therefore, either capitalist nor yet employee. No doubt he belonged to the good middle class. He was modestly successful.

His education was meager as far as knowledge gained from books was concerned. The majority of people, however, were no better in this respect, for among the well-to-do were thousands like him. Religiously he had been trained in his home, while the synagogue school, corresponding to our public school, supplemented this and added secular knowledge as well. The Sanhedrin, we know, regarded him as illiterate; he was not trained like Paul. The shores of Galilee were thronged by a vast cosmopolitan crowd of many-minded people. Caravans went and came. Greeks and Alexandrians, as well as haughty Romans, mingled in the shifting current of men. All this constituted a school in which the keen thinking Peter learned much. He knew men. No, Peter was not the uncouth and pig-headed peasant often portrayed.

When the rugged prophet, John the Baptist, came preaching in that vicinity, Andrew and John, at least, were attracted to him and became his disciples. Peter, while not so definitely committed, was no doubt a member of this company.

One evening he was drawing his boat up on the beach. The lake was bathed in the exquisite colors of the setting sun when Andrew came running in his enthusiasm to tell of the new-found Jesus. Breathlessly he told of his wonderful discovery, for what so precious as personality? Such enthusiasm was not to be withstood, and soon Andrew was leading away in triumph his brother to present him to the Lord. The Man of Galilee looked upon him and loved him. Peter possessed the qualities dear to the heart of our Savior, as is evidenced by his rapid promotion. By swift strides Peter passes from friendship to discipleship, then on to apostleship, then he enters the charmed circle of the three sympathetic spirits and finally Jesus is ready to bestow upon him leadership. In action no less than in word, Peter becomes first.

We speak of success today and we have our material standards of measurement, but ah, what a thrilling thing it must have been to have been accounted worthy of advancement by Jesus himself. That would be success indeed. Think of the wondrous richness of those days in the companionship of the Master, hearing all He said, seeing all He did, feeling the power of His peerless personality. Those were Peter's university days. And a greater than Mark Hopkins was there. A graduate with honors from the school of Christ was Peter. In that school, hand as well as head was trained. Having been taught, having seen the demonstration, the student was sent out to do it himself. Peter went out with the twelve. Jesus was a supreme teacher.

The most remarkable thing about Peter was a certain reality, a simplicity of soul that entered into vital sympathy with Jesus. This impetuous, great-boy-of-a-man dared to hope. No blasé cynic was this man, who seeing no good in any-

thing, would scoff at all effort of reform. He had youthful dauntlessness, that high and holy enthusiasm, which always has conquered wrongs. The simple, childlike soul of Peter seemed to divine the deep truths about Jesus.

When, at Capernaum, Jesus broke with the superficial crowd, and, after popularity, learned the first bitter lesson of opposition, you recall that he turned to the little handful of faithful disciples and said: "Will you also go away?" Instantly Peter replied: "Lord to whom shall we go? thou has words of eternal life." Many had not been able to see that eternal life was more valuable than a loaf. Again at Cæsarea, after the long journey into the Lebanon country, where Master and disciple had talked in close personal touch in the cool mountain grottoes, under the fragrant trees, beside the rippling streams, Jesus asked the group what men were saying about him. The answer came, "They consider you a prophet." "Yes," said Jesus, "but you know me intimately; who do you say I am?" And again Peter speaks like one inspired, "You are the very Christ of God." Pleased with such discernment, Jesus approves him heartily and adds that it is of such stuff that the new structure shall be built, it is such lives that shall constitute the social kingdom.

How human was Peter! Puffed up with pride, he now proceeds to advise his Master, whose stinging rebuke comes swiftly. So soon the rock foundation becomes a stumbling block. And yet, it was through love that he fell.

In many a luminous scene in Jesus's life Peter figured. With James and John he one day climbed Mount Hermon, upon whose summit Jesus was transformed in appearance while deep in prayer. What a prayer that must have been which changed the fashion of his countenance and caused the very gates of heaven to

swing wide. Impetuous Peter desires to remain forever right there, forgetful of the weary, burdened world below. He must learn that power is for useful work.

The last week has come and Peter is one of those to whom the Master has committed the task of preparing the paschal meal. There in the upper room he arranges the table for the last supper. Reclining at the feast, the disciples quarrel, and Jesus, intending to demonstrate the greatness of service, arises and girds himself with a towel. Taking a basin of water the Lord Christ begins to wash His disciples' feet, a menial task. Marcus Dods has given us a picture of this scene, which is one of the most beautiful in the world. It is easy for Jesus to lave the feet of loving John, but can He kneel before that jeering, scoffing, cynical Judas? "Listen, I hear the tinkling of the water in the basin—Jesus is washing the feet of Judas." You remember that when Jesus comes to Peter he will have none of it. "You shall never wash my feet," he cries. But, upon the declaration of Jesus that unless he permits it he can have no part with him, Peter exclaims, "Then not my feet only but my hands and my head." Such impetuous loyalty! Such whole-hearted devotion!

The supper is over. Judas has gone out and it is night. The brave tender words of the Master are spoken and the disciples leave the upper room. Down the stairs they go, out into the streets flooded with moonlight. Crossing the silent bridge that spans the Kedron they come at length to the gates of Gethsemane.

There Jesus leaves the eight, but Peter, James and John enter with Him the shadows of the wood. Bidden to watch and pray they fall asleep. How strange! It was not indifference that caused that sleep. In the deeper shadows Jesus

wrestles long in prayer. "Not my will, not mine," he cries, and hardly is the victory won than the torches of the soldiers appear. Peter steps at once to his Master's side, reckless of his own danger. An enemy lays his hand on Jesus and instantly, defying the whole armed band, Peter draws sword. That the blow he dealt did not split the head of Malchus does not lessen the generous loyalty. Jesus is arrested and led away, while Peter, stunned by the swiftness and strangeness of it all, follows far behind, like one in a trance. The judgment hall is reached and when the enemy seem bent upon implicating him. Peter gives away to moral cowardice and with an oath swears roundly that he knows nothing of the man. One glance from Jesus sends him out into the night weeping bitterly. He is weak but his heart beats true. The darkness, bitterness, uncertainty and grief can only be appreciated by those who have sinned and suffered. But joy came with the morning, for on that mystic resurrection day Peter met his Lord. Their souls flowed together and the sweetest forgiveness this world knows must have been conferred.

Some days later the fishermen return to their boats. All one night they toil but with little luck. The grey light of coming day appears and in the "Ghostly dawn" Jesus is seen upon the beach, a fire glowing at his side. Here before the others Peter is put to the final test of loyalty, and here three times over he affirms his undying love to Jesus, his Master. Thus he atones for his denial. His sins are washed out in honest tears.

Pentecost is come. The vast and motley mass of people surge about the streets. And who is this preacher? Who, but Peter. Having sinned, he can now preach most acceptably to sinners. Out of his own experience he can declare the power of God. Peter remains at the

head of affairs in Jerusalem for some years, and then is succeeded by James. Leaving the holy city, he goes all over Palestine, Asia Minor, Greece, and probably Italy, confirming the churches.

The most notable event of his ministry was his carrying the gospel to the non-Jews, his crossing the bridge to the Gentiles. Can you feel the depth and breadth of that mighty creed which standing before Cornelius he utters, "I believe that God is no respecter of persons but that in every nation he that reverences Him and works righteousness is acceptable to Him?" Talk of being apostolic. We are all far from that yet.

Lest we forget the humanness of Peter let us consider how he fell again even in late life when character was confirmed. At Antioch he found the Jewish element in the ascendancy and perceived how they frowned upon the Gentile Christians. Moral cowardice again asserted itself in him and he sided with the stronger crowd. When the eagle-spirited Paul came that way and perceived the drift of affairs, he called down our brother most unmercifully.

And yet we would today, no sooner say Saint Paul than Saint Peter. Both were human. Both were loved on high.

The closing years of Peter's life are involved in obscurity. Many traditions more or less credible have gathered round those years. Unraveling this skein of legends as best we may, it seems fairly clear that he went, at length, to Rome, where after good service, he, like Paul, was slain under the bloody Nero. Thus did he pay the last full measure of devotion. He closed his life of loving labor in feeding the Master's sheep.

So here we have a sketch of the human Peter, brother to us all. Let it suffice that Jesus loved him. But why? Why was our Lord's rich love lavished upon this rugged fellow? We do not know, with certainty, but was it not partly at least, because of Peter's warm-hearted reality, and his optimistic, even impetuous faith? Was it not because of his capable energy, his practical sympathy, his loyal heart? But most of all, was it not because of his *intelligent earnestness*?

A MINISTER CLUBBED

A few months ago this head line would have startled every eye. Now we begin to take it as a matter of course. All of the Brotherhood ministers, elders, deacons, Sunday-School superintendents and good fellows generally are being clubbed, that is, they are joining our clubs to subscribe for Christian Men. That's the best way to do it.

It's a delightful experience. When you club a man with a gas pipe he resents and tries to put you in jail, but when you club him with Christian Men he comes around the next month and embraces you. So mote it be!

Little Journeys to the Homes of the Fathers

No. 1. The Brush Run Church

By W. R. Warren, Centennial Secretary.

About August or September, 1810, a number of members of the Christian Association, meeting in Washington County, Pa., decided upon the erection of a building in which to worship. The spot chosen was on the farm of William Gilchrist, about two miles above the confluence of Brush Run with Buffalo Creek. David and Joseph Bryant, whose father owned a saw mill upon adjoining land, set to work to get out the timbers, and Alexander Campbell was appointed to preach the first sermon at the spot chosen, which he did upon a rude stand under the spreading branches of a tree.

This building stood for long, but later became a blacksmith shop and suffered vicissitudes described below. A few days ago J. H. Garrison, of St. Louis, and W. R. Warren, of Pittsburgh, respectively chairman and secretary of the Centennial Committee, went down from Pittsburgh to Washington County, Pa., in an endeavor to locate some of the historical spots in the early days of reformation whose centenary we celebrate next October. The story of the day's experiences is now related by Secretary Warren:

The first objective point was West Middletown. Our road from Pittsburgh was the Wabash. But as West Middletown station and West Middletown village are three or four miles apart, with no livery stable at the former, we got our tickets to Avella and drove from there to the ancient and honorable village, where we found a stable belonging to John H. Kelly, which is built upon the real hewn white oak timbers that

originally served as a frame for the Brush Run Church.

In addition to what we knew before of the changing fortunes of the old church, we gained additional testimony from Brother and Sister France who keep the hotel in West Middletown, Brother White who learned his trade in the historic building after it was moved to West Middletown and converted into a blacksmith shop for Geo. McFadden, and from Wm. W. Keenan who is a member of the Dutch Fork Church, and has spent the seventy-seven years of his life in sight of the confluence of Brush Run with Buffalo Creek. The white oak which our fathers hewed seems about as indestructible as the doctrine of which they preached.

Next we wanted to find the site where the first church organized by the Campbells stood. No one had seen it very recently. Brother France was sure that



The Path Our Fathers Trod. Looking Up-hill From Haven's Run to Brush Run Church.

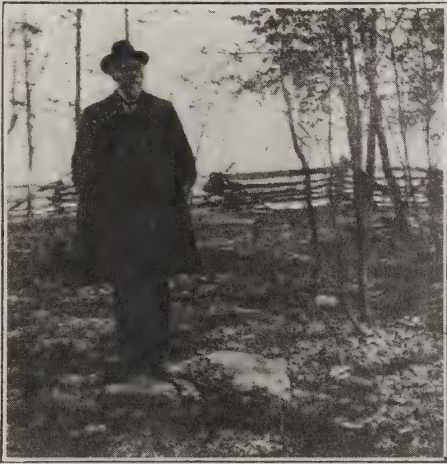
Brother Williams, whose farm adjoins that of Mr. Smith, on which the old foundation is located, could show it to us. Fortunately as we drove out of the village we overtook a son of Brother Williams who told us that the object of our quest was located a short distance above the Farrar school house, and that the Dennings, who lived just beyond, could show us the place. Having arrived at the school house we left the conveyance and walked up the hill, hoping that we might find the place without further assistance. But after a few minutes of

off the limestone outline of the foundation was discovered, and on being signaled to that effect she returned to her home.

The old church was beautifully located on the road between Washington and Bethany. It was in a saddle of the ridge which separates Brush Run from Hanen's Run. The road has long since been moved a quarter of a mile down the side of the ridge, but its course is indelibly marked on the hill. An opening through the trees shows where another road led from Hanen's Run directly to the church. The foundation is about 24 by 30 feet. Of course several photographs were made of the site and the party.

One more place we wanted to find, and that was the bend of the Buffalo where Thomas Campbell, wife and daughter, Alexander Campbell and wife, and James Hanen and wife were baptized by Matthias Luce, the Baptist minister, contrary to the rules of his church, June 12, 1812. President Cramblet had told us that Brother Keenan at Acheson could show us the exact spot, and so we inquired the way to Brother Keenan's splendid farm. Right down Brush Run the road led us. The beauty of the blue-grass covered hills, the noble sugar maples, sycamores, oaks and elms, and the stream by our side racing down the valley just as it did a hundred years ago, and hiding, the chairman suspected, many fine bass in its deeper pools, left no room for wonder that the emigrants from the north of Ireland fell in love with Washington County and made it their home.

Brother Keenan cheerfully consented to go with us to the place of baptism, and so we drove right up the Buffalo over a mile. Most of the way the road was only slightly higher than the level of the stream, but at last it rose to an elevation of ten or twelve feet, and on this higher grade our guide stopped us.



J. H. Garrison on the Foundation of the Brush Run Church.
 "The Editor of the Christian Evangelist on Original Ground at Last."

vain search the chairman and driver were left to continue the investigation while the secretary went across the field to the Denning home. There a kind and intelligent United Presbyterian lady said that the foundation could be found on top of the ridge in the edge of the woods, and only a few feet from the fence running along the backbone of the ridge separating the open pasture from the timber. She even volunteered to come along after a few minutes and point out the place. But while she was a great way

Leaving the surrey we crossed the long disused tailrace of an ancient water-mill and came to the place where he assured



Where the Campbells were baptized by Matthias Luce June 12, 1812.

Buffalo Creek over a mile above mouth of Brush Run.

The actual spot was where the willows at the right stand.

us the baptism actually took place. At this point a bend in the creek makes it run at right angles to the road, and the constant shifting of its bed has left the place of the baptismal pool deeply covered with sand and gravel and driftwood, and overgrown with willows. Looking back toward the road it was seen to be in line with three large trees, an elm, a sycamore and a sugar maple. Following the same line above the road on the hill stood the home of Jos. Bryant, where the immortal seven found dressing rooms after the baptism.

This ended the day's search but not its interest. The ten-mile drive down the Buffalo is one of varying but unfailing charm, and then we pass under the hill on which stand the Campbell tombs, and right by the mansion where the Sage of Bethany lived, and the octagonal brick

study under the pines where he did his mighty work.

A familiar line of Locksley's Hall was beautifully illustrated by young men and maidens in pairs that we met walking out the avenue from Bethany to Bethany's shrine. We knew the president was away and "biz" correspondingly brisk.

The day was done, and the darkness prevented our enjoying the unsurpassed scenery of the seven-mile trolley ride to Wellsburg, and the other of equal length to Steubenville. The day was done but its impressions abide. Somehow, standing on the actual spots where these history-making events of a hundred years ago transpired, seeing the stones which these heroic saints laid for the foundation of their house of worship, and the timbers that formed its frame, put a wonderful emphasis upon the world-em-



Stable of John W. Kelley, West Middletown, Pa. Frame of hewn white oak timbers from the blacksmith shop of Geo. McFadden, which was rebuilt from the old Brush Run church two miles distant.

bracing plea, which is ours for the century ahead as it was theirs for the hundred years gone.

Wireless Whispers

Here is a clipping from the Alameda, California, *Daily Argus* that may prove suggestive:

The Good Fellows Club will hold a novel mock trial tonight at the First Christian Church, when Miss Annie Fuller, one of the attractive young women of Las Amigas Club, will be tried on a charge of kidnaping Charles Graden, a popular and bachelor member of the Good Fellows Club. Attorney Green, a Good Fellow, will officiate as judge. The fair defendant will be prosecuted by Edwin Meyer and John Bridgeford, and will be defended by two fellow Las Amigas, Miss Ruth Killam and Miss Evelyn Larkin. The evening will be an open affair and all interested are invited.

* * *

The State of Washington, for missionary purposes, is divided into East Washington and West Washington. East Washington holds its Convention at Spokane and West Washington at Seattle, this year. The men of the Seattle churches are all well organized and plans are going ahead under the leadership of Dr. E. M. Carney for a Brotherhood Banquet to be held during the State Convention at which the men of West Washington generally will be entertained.

Seattle boasts that it is the most enterprising town in the United States and the men of our churches there are not one whit behind the rest of their fellow townsmen in this spirit; if anything, they lead in it. Therefore, look out for something doing at Seattle by the men of this great State.

* * *

The Young People's Missionary movement of the United States and Canada is coming to be one of the important organs for dissemination of missionary information and the generation of missionary enthusiasm. They will hold their fifth Annual Summer Conference at Conference Point, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, July 2d, to 11th. The courses of study are varied, the subjects to be developed in the institutes are vital and practical and the list of Conference speakers and teachers includes many of the strong men in Christ's service in America. For full information, railroad rates, program in detail, etc., address William A. Brown, Secretary of the Conference, Young People's Missionary Movement, 153 La Salle Street, Chicago.

* * *

The State Brotherhood of Ohio was organized by the election of Thos. L. Lowe as temporary chairman and C. A. Freer as temporary secretary, after which a committee consisting of G. H. Crawford, of Columbus, Ohio; E. B. Kemm, of Piqua, and W. E. Slabaugh, Akron, Ohio, was appointed to nominate five men to act as a temporary

organization with power to call a State Convention, appoint delegates to the National Council at Pittsburgh and take other steps looking toward the furtherance of Brotherhood interests in the State of Ohio. This important committee was reported later and unanimously elected. The members are J. K. Shellenberger, of Wooster, Ohio, Chairman; W. F. Rothenberger, of Cleveland; Walter S. Goode, of Youngstown; J. B. Kehl, of Columbus, and Wm. Spanton, of Akron.

* * *

The Illinois *State Register* of May 12th tells of the monthly banquet and love feast of the First Christian Church of that city at which one hundred and thirty men were present, the Sunday-School Orchestra under the leadership of Professor Lehman furnished the music and the ladies of the church provided the menu. J. M. Appel, President of the Brotherhood, presided and introduced the different speakers in a most happy manner. The list of toasts and the speakers was as follows:

"Brotherhood," J. W. Jefferson; "Regulars," Henry B. Henkel; "Laggards and Quitters," G. A. Hulett; "Leaners and Lifters," Harry Nickey; "Men and Money," H. T. Morrison, Jr.; "The New Member," Mr. Potter, Mr. Seymour and R. H. Armbruster; "The Young Men's Chapter," Louis G. Coleman; "Helpers of the Cause," F. W. Burnham; "The New Church," C. E. Brown; "The First Church, Old and New," C. P. Kane; "The Rewards of Well-Doing," H. C. Latham.

The following musical numbers were given:

Vocal solo, Geo. A. Gibson; violin solo, Myron T. Henkel; selection, Templar quartette.

* * *

Talk about advertising. There are some people way down at Rome, Georgia, who are certainly up and doing. Recently the people of that town awoke to find on their door step a card with a penny in plain sight thereon and under it in big letters the words "IS THIS YOURS—LOOK AND SEE," but when the penny grabber reached for it the card opened and revealed the fact that the penny was fastened on the inside, looking out through a hole in the cover of a very neat folder on which was printed an announcement of the Revival Meeting. Above the penny appeared these words, "Here is a penny for your thoughts. If you do not want me, return to the contribution box." Of course, you see the point. Nobody would take a penny from an enterprising church like this and in order to return the penny to the contribution box, they had to go with it. G. F. Cuthrell is pastor at Rome and has from the beginning evinced the

keenest interest in the Brotherhood work. B. F. Archer, the enterprising Superintendent of the Sunday-School, is the originator of the advertising plan referred to, and he writes, "I want a good, live Sunday-School Evangelist. I want to have the first real Sunday-School Evangelist that Rome has ever had. Can you suggest one?" We cannot at the moment suggest one whom we know to be available, but perhaps these lines may pass under the eyes of someone who can.

* * *

The Brotherhood men of the North Tonawanda Christian Church continue their activities. At a recent meeting the direct primary bill was explained by the North Tonawanda Senator, Mr. J. P. McKenzie. They are going to have a June outing with the men of the Richmond Avenue Church in Buffalo early in June, a motor ride on the river which stops on Grand Island for lunch, base-ball, etc. The League has about fifteen members and expects to hold its own through the summer planning for aggressive work in the fall.

Right here, let us preach a little sermon on the Size of Brotherhoods. The greatest danger in the launching of an organization is the craze for numbers. The idea that if you can just have a banquet and get fifty or one hundred or perhaps two hundred men on the roll at once and then start off with a big hurrah, that success is assured, is wrong. The banquet and the boom and the enthusiasm of members is all right, but it is dangerous and often disastrous. Two hundred bricks will go further in a wall than twenty bricks, provided there is cement to hold them all together, but if short on mortar the twenty bricks can be made into a wall. The two hundred will be only, after all, a heap. Far better to begin with fifteen, twenty or twenty-five intelligent, energetic, thoughtful men who will meet together regularly once or twice a month and study themselves and church problems while they are learning what to do and how to do it, than to start with a big hullabaloo and presently have the whole thing crashing about the ears of well meaning but helpless leaders.

* * *

As to fish, well, look at this picture. An annual fish bake has been for some years a feature of the social life of the men's association of the Wabash, Indiana, Christian Church. The master fisherman of the crowd is the Pastor, E. F. Daugherty, who is seen in the picture holding one end of a string of one hundred and eighty Rock Bass, the total weight of which was one hundred and twenty-five pounds and which represents the preacher's catch in four days. The tall guy (he measures six foot three) holding the single fish is W. W. Canaday, President of the Association and Chief Dispatcher of the Michigan Division of the Big Four Railroad. This fish, about five inches long, represents his entire catch, while the preacher was getting one hundred and eighty. On

Friday night, May 21st, occurred the third annual fish bake, and eighty-two men sat down to it. J. Boyd Jones, of Marion, made the address of the evening on "The Open Door." The fish are provided by the fishermen of the association of which the Minister is undoubtedly champion. It is not stated whether President Canaday is second in the contest or last. It is hardly thinkable that where so many fish abound there could have been one who caught nothing at all.



The variety of fish is limited to black bass and rock bass. In writing of the men in this brotherhood, the minister says: "My fellows not only eat on occasion, they stand together in the fraternal spirit and are ready to do things for the church. The number of men in the Wabash Church service is a matter of local comment." The directory of the association shows all sorts of callings represented. The General Secretary has been invited to be present at the next annual fish bake, and accepts with alacrity, promising to take away the preacher's championship with rod and line. The pressing invitation of Brother Daugherty concludes with "We will make you glad that you are living." We are glad already, but no objections at all to being still happier in the thrill of being.

* * *

The report of the City Mission Committee of the Disciples Missionary Union of greater New York and vicinity for the six months ending May 1, 1909, makes interesting reading. We print this report in full as it is a business-like exhibition of what men

can do when they go to work in "a man's way."

Report of the City Mission Committee, Six Months Ending May 1, 1909

Regular meetings have been held each month in the office of the Chairman, and special meetings have been held frequently to consider matters of special importance. The following fields have been investigated by J. L. Darsie in his work as City Evangelist: Ridgewood Heights, Brooklyn; Richmond Hill, Long Island; Edgewater, New Jersey; Palisades, New Jersey; Leonia Heights, New Jersey; and Staten Island, New York.

Ridgewood Heights

As a result of the investigation at Ridgewood Heights, Brooklyn, the committee has established a mission under the leadership of J. L. Darsie, and a report of this mission on May 1st, shows 35 enrolled in Sunday-School, with preaching services held on Sunday. This mission meets in rented quarters on the second floor of a frame building, and serves members who formerly lived in the vicinity of the Greenpoint Church. It would seem desirable to secure a meeting place on the first floor of a rented building in the near future.

Flatbush

The work in Flatbush, under the leadership of Mr. Walter S. Rounds, shows considerable progress, and reports on May 1st a church membership of 105; the Bible School enrollment is 120; the Young People's Society, 25; Women's Work, 49; Men's Club, 29. A special meeting was held in April under the leadership of John G. Slayter, resulting in seven additions to the membership. For this meeting \$1.36 was raised in the field.

Greenpoint

The work at the Greenpoint church in the 17th Ward of Brooklyn has continued under the leadership of Mr. Joseph Keevil. The total membership on May 1st was 240; the enrollment in the Bible School was 241. The institutional work carried on by this church shows a sewing class with 69 members enrolled, an athletic club with 30 members, and a Jewish mission meeting weekly with an average attendance of 21 persons per week. This mission is an attempt to interest the non-church-going Jews in the community. A Jewish missionary is employed at a salary of \$30 per month. Tracts and circulars are distributed, and visits are made by the missionary. The work is seriously handicapped by lack of proper accommodations, which we hope will soon be supplied.

During the month of April Mr. Keevil was absent on a trip through the Southern States in the interest of the American Christian Missionary Society.

The building committee in charge of raising the funds for the new building in Green-

point has been granted a loan from the Church Extension Board amounting to \$7,000. The collection of additional funds for this purpose is progressing slowly. The building committee expects to arrange, shortly, for the erection of a part of the new building.

Russian Work

Your Committee has investigated the Russian situation in New York City, as requested by the A. C. M. S., and reports as follows:

A School has been conducted in the rooms of the Young Men's Institute, 222 Bowery. In this School there is a class for the teaching of English, with an average attendance of 25 men. Eighteen sessions of this class have been held. Another class for the teaching of penmanship is conducted, with an average attendance of 18 men. We find that there are five different groups of Russian Christians in New York, and the largest of these meets in a church basement reading room on Second Street. The leader of this group is John Johnson. The next largest group meets on Suffolk Street under the leadership of Nikolas Motin. Our Russian School enrolls pupils from each group, including the leaders.

It would seem to the committee that for the present the best method of handling this situation would be extension, as rapidly as possible, of classes in English and penmanship, and when these Russians become more familiar with American institutions and customs the organization of Missions may then be attempted. The committee is fortunate in having the co-operation of an Immigration Secretary of Y. M. C. A. at Ellis Island, Mr. Julian Zelchenko, a young Russian who has also acted as secretary for the Russian School.

The establishment in rented quarters of a Russian Christian Home seems desirable. This Home could be used on Sundays for a meeting place for the congregation, and on week nights for the Russian School. It is hoped that such a common meeting place will attract the separated groups of Russians into a strong united work. This Home could also shelter the immigrant as he leaves Ellis Island in search of employment. Part of such a building could be occupied by the leader, and ought to be located east of the Bowery in the neighborhood of Spring Street.

Respectfully submitted,

G. W. KRAMER, Chairman.

P. F. JEROME, Secretary.

This City Mission Committee of course represents all our churches and is not, therefore, strictly a man's work in the sense that its funds are supplied by men only, but it is a man's work in the sense that every member of it is a man, that its leaders are consecrated business men and that in a business-like way, it is taking possession of the fields lying open to hand and preparing to possess the land. Bitter as has been the struggle of our people to hold their place upon Manhattan Island, there is no doubt whatever

that a real future lies before our work in greater New York and that the business-like method of work revealed in this report is in itself the highest earnest of great things to be done for Jesus Christ in the greatest urban population in the New World.

* * *

We quote the following from a local newspaper at Wooster, Ohio, where J. K. Shellenberger is pastor of the church:

Had A Fine Time

The Philippian Brotherhood of the Christian Church took J. M. Bowers by storm last night. Twenty-five men and John Magaw's automobile landed on him at seven o'clock and held him down until ten. He treated to chicken sandwiches and milk fresh from the "factory," ice cream and coffee; then the boys figured that he was square, so they let him go and came home.

The occasion of the good time was the monthly meeting of the Brotherhood. These monthly meetings are given up to the business of the Brotherhood, a short program and then a genuine good time socially. Last evening was a success all the way through. The records show a healthy increase in the membership of the order during the last month. The program is supposed to be made up by the fellows entertaining the Brotherhood with talks on their special lines. One month ago John Magaw treated the boys to eggs in more ways than one could imagine. Last night H. C. George gave an illustrated talk on "Ohio's ability to grow Alfalfa." He made it exceedingly interesting. He illustrated his talk by charts, showing the different soils of the state, also

where Alfalfa was being raised to the best advantage at the present as well as the different formations in the State. His talk aroused the interest of the listeners, and every one, farmers and all, found themselves interested in this growing industry. Charles Hessler gave an exceptionally interesting talk on photography. He told us of the early Egyptian method of making pictures, also the lost art of the Japanese. Then took us through the history of the old wet plate method, which is comparatively modern. Then spoke of the modern methods and some of the marvelous things that photography is doing today. Charles surprised the fellows by his knowledge of the subject. One delightful thing about the meetings is the free and easy spirit that prevails. When one has a question to ask he just asks it and this helps the other fellow to think. It was a draw between Clarence Landes, Charley Wyre and Albert Treece on telling the best story. Music was furnished by the Shellenberger-Brant orchestra. Mrs. Bowers and her two daughters played the hostess to perfection. Everybody voted the evening a splendid success and that Bowers was all right. And while we are speaking, there is nothing slow about Magaw's automobile, especially when Frank Gallagher is driving it. It took just 15 minutes to come to town and all the boys were wondering whether or not he could have divided that time in two by halves if the road had been dry and he could have driven in a straight line. There is one advantage in mud to an automobile. It furnishes it ample excuse to use the whole road. And what is the use to have a road if you don't use all of it?

¶ The Following Splendid Articles and Departments of the Magazine Crowded out of June Number but will Appear in the July Issue which will be Mailed About Two Weeks After the June Number: Exigencies of Travel Imposed upon the Secretary by Convention Dates Compel us to Vary Slightly from Our Regular Time of Issue.

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| 1 Organization Notes | 7 The Horse Thief Association,
by S. P. Cunningham |
| 2 Brotherhood Bible Classes | 8 The India Rubber Boys, by Wm. Spanton |
| 3 The New Man, an address by L. O. Thompson | 9 How Stapleton Built up the Church,
by J. Breckenridge Ellis |
| 4 A Helpless Little Animal, by C. W. Pinkerton | 10 A. W. Conner's Works for Boys,
by Alva W. Taylor |
| 5 A Man's Work in the Pew,
by J. K. Shellenberger | |
| 6 The Bricker Contract Plan, by L. O. Bricker | |
| 11 The Story of Percy | |

THIS IS ALL GREAT STUFF. WATCH FOR IT.

In Journeyings Oft

November 1st to April 28th.....	18,770
April 28th to May 31st.....	5,300
Total.	24,070

Neosho.

Neosho nestles in the border of the Ozarks, a beautiful gem of a town with green hills hugging it close. Spreading trees caress the eaves of the houses and sparkling springs bubble near at hand. Here the Third District Convention of Missouri gathered for their annual meeting and here on the night of May 6th in the commodious social halls of the First Christian Church, the men of that congregation entertained the men of the district, to the number of one hundred and seventy-five, in a banquet where feast of reason and flow of soul and bubble of wit mingled with the choice abundance of things material to the nourishment of the inner man. After the presentation of Brotherhood work by the General Secretary, C. M. Chilton, of St. Joseph, and G. W. Muckley, of Kansas City, swept the audience with impromptu addresses of the highest inspirational order. F. F. Walters, of Joplin, uttered wise words and W. W. Hess, a Presbyterian minister of the town, after declaring that he had forgotten that he was a Presbyterian until he arose to speak, touched the funny bone of every one present by some remarks on the unsexing of the minister which will be found elsewhere. The convention at Neosho was a great one in all particulars and it was unanimously voted that the Brotherhood Convention which assembled around the banquet board was a fitting finale. The greatest inspiration here after all lay not in the addresses but in the personal presence of one hundred and seventy-five men, the largest majority of whom



70 Joplin Men Enroute to Neosho, Mo.

were laymen. Will laymen come to a missionary convention? Most assuredly they will. Look at the picture which appears below of a part of the seventy men from Joplin, Mo., which went down in a special car. Oh! Yes! they will go and they will have a rousing good time, too. These men sat down at eight o'clock and were enthusiastically listening at 11:30 when the approach of train time compelled adjournment. J. B. Hunley is pastor at Neosho and proved an admirable host. The men of the Third District are saying that this is only a small hint of what they are going to do another year at their convention. Look for not less than three hundred men next time.

Columbus.

Columbus is the capitol city of Ohio and it is therefore quite fitting that we should have some capital churches in that city and that capital men should be in the pulpits and in the pews. Broad Street in Columbus is the show street of the town. It is the Euclid Avenue and the Independence Boulevard of the Capitol City. Broad Street, however, is not so

very broad, but the people who planned and erected the First Christian Church upon this high class thoroughfare were broad all right, broad of vision, broad of faith and broad of comprehension. There is no reason why a church to be successful should go to the back streets. Jesus did not. While he sent his servants sometimes into the byways the records of his travels and his work show that he confined his own efforts largely to the highway, to the avenues. When he went to Jerusalem, he found his way to the places where the most people were, and who were many times also the best people. Walter Scott Priest is minister in this beautiful building and the Secretary spoke there on Sunday morning, on "The Masculinity of Christ," to a splendid congregation, having been allowed first a peep into a most efficient Sunday-School in which more than 400 were present. In the afternoon a mass meeting of men was held in the Broad Street Church, the men coming from all over Columbus—from Wilson Avenue, where O. P. MacMahan ministers; from Chicago Heights, where Brother Hill is preaching the word, and most numerous of all perhaps from the Fourth Avenue Church, where Thomas L. Lowe is pastor, as well as from the other churches of Columbus, six in all. The large attendance of men from the Fourth Avenue Church shows the value of organization. Here they have a well organized Men's Club, of which J. B. Kehl is President, and a Men's Bible Class, over the destinies of which W. A. Pease presides. These men formed at the church at two o'clock and marched down to the meeting place in a body.

The afternoon was very hot, and with that fine sense of the fitness of things which makes Walter Scott Priest one of the great generals among our preachers,

he suggested that the Secretary be invited to take off his coat. The men seconded the motion—it was unanimously carried, and so we had a shirt sleeve presentation of the Brotherhood Movement. Fifty-three men subscribed for the magazine, and those men evinced the interest they feel in the Brotherhood Movement. Brotherhood Organizations will be formed immediately by the Broad Street Church and at Wilson Avenue, and later at other of the Columbus churches.

The pastors of the Fourth Avenue and Wilson Avenue Churches contended most persistently for the privilege of having the Secretary preach for them at the evening service, and each had taken time by the forelock and announced in the public prints that the Brotherhood man would be with them. Jupiter Pluvius cut the Gordian knot, for it rained pitchforks, pruning forks, tuning forks and every other kind of fork that night, and so there was no speechifying by the wanderer in Columbus. The midnight train

delivered the Secretary
Brotherhood in Pittsburgh betimes
Day at Monday morning, where
Pittsburgh! the Centennial Committee

was assembled to decide the weighty question of whether we should have a Brotherhood Convention in connection with our great Centennial gathering or not. After canvassing the matter very carefully, the Committee wisely decided to have a great Brotherhood Convention on Tuesday, October 12th, running Tuesday afternoon and night, paralleling with the Christian Women's Board of Missions, thus in the Divine economy while our godly women recount the victories they have won and plan for larger conquests, the men will assemble in their first National Convention. We are praying that this may see brought together the greatest gathering of Christian men that has ever assembled in the United States and that these sessions may mark

a veritable mountain top of spiritual attainment and vision.

The elaborations of the programs for these two sessions are now under way. It is not too early, either, for Brotherhood men all over the United States to plan to be there. Come, bring your wives and sweethearts, and your mothers, and your daughters, and send them to the gloriously inspiring sessions of that matchless missionary organization, the "Christian Women's Board of Missions," and enter with us into the masculine fellowship of red-blooded Christian men who will make up the Brotherhood Convention. It is at this moment undecided whether the Brotherhood Convention will be held in Duquesne Garden or in the National League Base-ball Park. It was planned

to use the Base-ball Park for some of the **Base-Ball Championship.** greatest of the Convention sessions, but just now the "Pirates" show a most remarkable disposition to win the pennant in the National League, and if they do this they will occupy their own grounds the week of our Centennial Convention in a determined effort to wrest the championship from the "Tigers," the "Browns" or the "Naps," or whoever in the American League annexes the slender strip of bunting that just now is occasioning so much distress to American League managers. The members of the Centennial Committee resident in Pittsburgh are by this placed in a delicate position. They are compelled to root for the "Pirates" to win the pennant but at the same time they want the base-ball park. Like Desdemona, Secretary Warren and his associates here do perceive a divided duty.

In the midst of the weighty deliberations of the Centennial Committee, that prince of Brotherhood men, Thomas W. Phillips, instructed Centennial Secretary Warren to order dinner for the committee at the Ft. Pitt hotel as the guests of

Brother Phillips. Brother Phillips evidently gave the Secretary the high sign for the dinner was of the very finest and the Brotherhood Secretary was in a mood to forgive the committee for not giving him Tuesday morning also for which, in the full assurance of maidenly modesty, he had asked for as a sort of a starting ground of the Brotherhood convention.

Akron. From Pittsburgh to Akron, Ohio, as the Pennsylvania railroad crow flies, is not so far. It is a pleasant ride in the afternoon. The scenery, too, is engaging, consisting for the most part of nut and bolt works, screw factories, rolling mills, brick yards, etc. Besides that, it was rainy and at a station with a great name but no population we were invited to change cars, being instructed the second train was just on the other side and we would see it when our own pulled out. Trustfully we stood amid the falling drops until the train which had just delivered us departed and then we stampeded across to what might have been a railroad station. Oh, saddest word of secretarial pen, it "might have been, it might have been." The rain was getting harder. We espied an engine and one car standing in the cow pasture several cable lengths removed from our own station in life, and the rain was coming down harder. There were fat men and thin men; thin ladies and balloon-shaped ones, so much given to circumference that even the present day millinery which they wore upon their heads was insufficient to furnish a protection from the storm. Our bunch was helter-skeltering for the lonely coach way over beyond first base, and among the skelterers flapped the Secretary, a grip in each hand and his lungs in his teeth. But we got to Akron, and there was the faithful George Darsie waiting to receive us, his smile sparkling brighter than the rain drops. They have had a Brotherhood Organization in Akron for many

years. This was the occasion for its annual banquet, and among the speakers invited to address the men at this time were Honorable H. B. Webber, of Canton, Ohio, and Professor A. S. Root, of Oberlin College. It was feared that the heavy storm of rain, which continued unceasingly, would reduce the attendance, but if it did, nobody noticed, for every seat was taken. More than 200 men assisted at the removal of the delicious chicken pies provided by the ladies, and the Secretary assisted also to such an extent that when he began to speak, his first utterance was a crow—over the growing subscription list of CHRISTIAN MEN.

W. G. Loucks, pastor of another of our thriving churches in Akron, was present with his men and enjoyed the occasion to the limit. Akron is the place where they make rubber, and to see the good things disappear and observe the diners stretch and stretch and stretch, it became evident that—well, there is something in environment.

Youngstown. It is a pleasant ride again from Akron to Youngstown through the back yards of the world's manufactories of all kinds. Akron is made of rubber and Quaker oats. Youngstown is made of iron, rolling mills, plate mills, wire mills, well, say, I don't know what kind, but, apparently, all kinds. They roll the iron, they knead it, they punch it, they fry it, and then fricassee it, but, anyhow, in Youngstown, they work in iron, and I judge that here, too, they imbibe in their own constitution something of the lasting qualities of the material with which they deal, for the first one of our lay brothers whom I got acquainted with there informed me that he was baptized four miles from that spot seventy-four years ago as the result of a sermon preached by Alexander Campbell at the annual District Convention; that he and thirty others responded to the invitation after Mr.

Campbell had spoken on the Lordship of Christ. This brother, whose name escapes me, looked as though he might celebrate a centennial of his own along about 1934 or 1935.

Walter S. Goode, John R. Ewers and F. D. Draper are pastors respectively of the Central, First Church, and Hillman Street Churches had arranged a banquet of their men to hear the Secretary on the Brotherhood theme at the Y. M. C. A. The gathering was a splendid one. Senator B. F. Wirt, a man prominent in law and in the political life in the State, and also a noted bibliophile, presided at the gathering. In a most effective address, he opened the general subject of men's work among the Disciples and introduced the man from Kansas City. An interesting feature of this gathering was a number of talks by laymen present as well as addresses by the three ministers whose names are mentioned above.

There has not been as much coöperation between the churches at Youngstown as there might have been perhaps in the past, and the sentiment expressed most enthusiastically by the laymen and echoed with equal force by the ministers was that this Brotherhood meeting marked the beginning of a closer friendship among the churches, and it was definitely decided that hereafter the men of these congregations would meet together at least three times per year.

Brotherhood organizations either have been formed or are in process of formation with each of these churches, and a big list of subscriptions for the magazine betokened the hearty interest the men are to take in Brotherhood work.

Johnstown. Johnstown, Pa., survived the flood of twenty-one years ago and will also, doubtless, survive the whirlwind of oratory of the General Secretary, which he was graciously permitted to loose upon the air a day

or two after the events recorded above. The occasion was the semi-annual convention of Western Pennsylvania. The great-hearted Robert Latimer was in the chair, and, knowing well the Secretary's fullness of the Brotherhood theme, and realizing that if the best of the convention was to be preserved from inundation he must stop the flood before the dam broke, he set his gavel on the hair trigger and stopped the proceeding as suddenly as in the case of that colored dancer in South Carolina, where a drawing of razors in the orchestra interrupted the music while the dancer's right foot was high in the air in the description of a parabola that had to do with a buck dance he was executing. So used was the dancer to music that when it stopped, all his muscles set, and it was not until some quick-witted person had hastily drawn a comb across the bass viol that he was enabled to get his foot back down upon the ground. It required considerable massage for the Secretary to get his jaws closed with the sentence still poised in his mouth. Oh, well, he who speaks and sitteth down gracefully when his time has expired may go back to Johnstown and speak another day. This was a great convention at Johnstown, one of the very best that Western Pennsylvania has ever held, and that is saying a great deal.

W. E. M. Hackelman conducted the music, and that means something. A. McLean delivered his great lecture on Alexander Campbell. Marion Stevenson brought us right up to date on the Bible school movement. C. L. Thurgood, H. C. Boblitt, J. W. Carpenter and F. M. Carpenter spoke impressively upon centennial themes, and the addresses of B. F. Keusseff on "The Foreign World Within Our Gates;" D. R. Moss, on "Young Men for Our Ministry;" T. E. Cramblet, on "Our Responsibility to Our Colleges," and W. S. Buchanan on "The

Preacher That Succeeds," were all forceful to a degree. The symposium on "The Ministry, the Church and the World" was impaired somewhat by the failure of Brothers Darby and Brooks to be present, but Lawson Campbell spoke with rare grace and feeling on "The Church and the Minister Before the World," while J. D. Garrison, of Somerset, and a brother from Australia, whose name escapes us for the moment, filled in with great effectiveness.

Cleveland and Indianapolis.

Friday was given to committee conferences in Cleveland with H. Newton Miller, State Secretary of the Ohio Christian Missionary Society, and John P. Saia, of Elyria, where the State Convention is to be held, regarding the Brotherhood banquet which will have taken place in connection with the State Convention on Wednesday, May 26th. Saturday was similarly devoted in Indianapolis interviewing such men as W. E. M. Hackelman, the music publisher; A. L. Orcutt, Secretary of the Board of Ministerial Relief; Hilton U. Brown, general manager of the Indianapolis News; J. B. Stokes, of Stokes Brothers' Drug Company; E. J. Robison, County Treasurer, and Urban C. Stover, attorney, regarding the plans for boosting attendance at the Brotherhood Day Sessions at Bethany Park in August. It was a matter of regret that several of these gentlemen were not in their office when the Secretary called.

Bloomington, Illinois is one of the most beautifully circumstanced cities in Illinois; its garnished lawns, its abundance of beautiful trees and many brick buildings lining its red paved streets, afford a contrast of color that suggests a red rose blooming in the midst of a carpet of prairie green. Here the General Secretary enjoyed delightful hours in the studies of Edgar DeWitt Jones, pastor of the First

Church, and J. H. Gilliland, of the Second Church, both of whom are scholarly men and congenial souls.

Brother Jones is well known as a lecturer and his ventures into the field of authorship have been most cordially received, his series of articles some time since entitled "Letters of a Retired Preacher to His Nephew," creating quite a sensation.

At the First Church, Bloomington, the Secretary spoke on the Brotherhood Movement at the eleven o'clock hour. This church has a fine Bible School and the morning audience was a delight to see. Here are splendid men and every promise of a great Brotherhood Organization.

In the afternoon it was the sojourner's privilege to visit what is said to be one of the greatest Men's Bible Classes conducted under Y. M. C. A. auspices in the United States. Some three hundred men were present and, after the teaching of the lesson, survived without fatal results, an address from the Secretary. An interesting experience while in the Association Building was a visit to a hundred boys at the most boyish age, who were meeting in another room upstairs.

After this meeting Brother Gilliland took us out to visit the site of what is to be the Third Christian Church in Bloomington. Brother Gilliland has a penchant for building up churches in Bloomington that has almost become a habit.

He spent many years at the First Church and under his scholarly ministrations it grew strong and vigorous. Then he went out and organized the Second Church in another part of the city, becoming its pastor, and has labored in all faithfulness there to the present hour, when he once more feels that he must conduct a fresh swarm and he is now preparing to yield his place in a well established pulpit to another, while he

takes the small field and the Mission Church and begins to nurse it in to full grown life. How sweet and gracious is such a ministry. It has been built on broad constructive lines, and it is gratifying to know that, while the church has prospered under the ministration of his hands, Brother Gilliland's personal interests have also flourished and he and his good wife are thus able to consecrate themselves to a continuous service along lines most tasteful to them, without at the same time surrendering any of the comforts that a faithful service entitles the minister and his family to as the maturer days begin to come on.

First Church, Kansas City.

In 1881 the walls of the building of the First Church were raised and dedicated to God. For the past fifteen years W. F. Richardson has been the consecrated pastor. Sorrows and joys, burdensome tasks and delightful activities have mingled in his life, but those fifteen years have been fruitful ones for the cause in Kansas City and for the spiritual life and influence of the minister. Since that building was dedicated, out from it again and again have come the nuclei of other congregations, so that today Kansas City, Missouri, is the best churched large city in the United States so far as the Disciples of Christ are concerned.

It was therefore with joyful anticipation that the Secretary attended a Brotherhood banquet in this church on Tuesday night, May 18th, which had for its object the organization of a local Brotherhood. Mr. Goodwin Creason, an attorney of this city, was in the chair and presided with grace and dignity. The banquet was most tastefully served by the Ladies' Aid Society and was interspersed with several delightful musical numbers. After the presentation of the Brotherhood program, a number of earnest addresses were made, perhaps the

most striking one falling from the lips of the pastor, who, in calling them to a larger activity, suggested that as a goal worthy their greatest energies, they should undertake the financing and erection of a new church building. It was voted to organize immediately and more than sixty persons signed the Covenant Cards. A Committee on Nominations was appointed and instructed to report at a meeting to be held two weeks from that date.

Sheffield, In England is where they make knives, and Sheffield, in Kansas City, is a suburb where the Christian Church has a pretty keen pastor named Comstock. Brother Comstock is pastor of two churches, one at Mt. Washington and one at Sheffield, and he feels about his churches the way the Mormons do about their wives. He does not like to give even one of them up.

A week or two ago, a Kansas zephyr meandered up toward Kansas City. It was of the sort that Eugene Ware sang of a few years ago, telling how it found its way into a barn yard, blew the water out of the well, the hair off the cows, the feathers off the chickens, and the curl out of the pig's tail, after which it

"Meandered thence
With a bull dog and string of fence."

Well, this Kansas zephyr meandered into Comstock's diocese and blew one of his churches, located at Mt. Washington, all over Missouri, but this did not feaze Brother Comstock at all. Before the boards had ceased to rattle or the shingles had hit the ground, he was tacking up notice that church services would go on as usual in the morning in a vacant store building, and they had a larger attendance than ever. His people were up and doing the next morning, and seizing the opportunity by the forelock, solicited contributions from the sight-seeing public of Kansas City who came out to view

the ruins. Never was there a greater exhibition of timeliness.

It was the Secretary's pleasure to address the men of the Brotherhood at Comstock's Sheffield Church on Wednesday night, May 19th. The gathering represented men of all walks of life and of many different professions. At the supper which followed, a doctor was present at the Secretary's elbow and the usual appendicitis stories being told, he had the bad taste to suggest that from a professional standpoint, it would be fun to operate on the Secretary, as there would be such a lot of room to work in. Oh, how tedious and tasteless the thought!

The men of Sheffield took a keen interest in the Brotherhood movement and Covenant Cards were signed that night and the organization will be launched immediately. It has been said that Brother Comstock was a keen man, so keen in fact that he appreciates CHRISTIAN MEN exceedingly and announces his intention to win the Brotherhood emblem for May. It is seventeen minutes to twelve noon of May 31st. He had turned in forty-seven names and he just comes in now with the last three, making fifty in all.

So far as known at present, this takes the bakery, although there may be other large clubs in the mail. If he should be nosed out, we think he is entitled to an emblem anyhow, don't you?

Chicago is by Lake Michigan at the north end of Illinois. It is quite a town. There are some big stores there and some busy people. You see bigger crowds in the business district in Chicago than in New York City. This business district is also the noisiest in the world. It is not on record that any man ever heard himself think in Chicago. And in the stockyards district, no man has ever smelt himself smell. There are more Germans in Chicago

than in any city in Germany except Berlin, and more Swedes than in any city in Sweden except Stockholm. There are one hundred thousand Poles there and a Canadian city as big as Halifax. There are seventy thousand Bohemians; there are Danes, Russians, Italians, Hollanders, French, and Syrians, and mixed in with these, a few good Americans. In this polyglot city, the Disciples of Christ have a dozen or more churches, struggling to make an impression. The work is peculiar and in a general way it may be said that each is succeeding after its kind, except at Englewood, where they succeed after their *Kindred*—see? The District Convention for this part of Illinois was held in Chicago on Friday, the 21st of May, in the Memorial Church of Christ, Baptist and Disciple, of which Prof. H. L. Willett is pastor. This church, it will be remembered, is the result of an experiment in Church Union by which a Baptist and a Christian Church united under the above name. The Baptists put in the building and the Disciples contributed the preacher. The building is certainly a beauty and we presume that the ladies in the congregation would be found willing to agree that the preacher was also. The Convention was a most interesting one, and it is a matter of regret that we are unable to find space for a number of the striking things said. The Secretary spoke at the evening session on Men and City Missions. Chicago is in a sense the Gibraltar of Mammon in the Mississippi Valley. Everything in Chicago is great, great schools, great museums, great industrial plants, great conflict between good and evil, great struggles between the people and the public service corporation, great wealth, and great poverty, rare religious consecration, and great religious indifference, and also great religious need. In Chicago, a most intelligent study is being made of

social and economical problems and astonishing progress has been made in the education of voters to a wise discrimination in the settling of questions where public interests are at stake. Chicago has spent fifteen million dollars for public play grounds and has the most elaborate system of the kind in the world. Their voters are about to bridle the passenger transportation companies. Their workers in the slums and the tenements have accomplished results that make them recognized as leaders in this important department of benevolence and philanthropic activity. Here, too, the line between the kingdom of Christ and the prince of the power of darkness is most closely drawn. Here our Gospel will have its supremest test. New York is far away. Chicago is at our doors, our people surround it, and annually flow into it by hundreds and thousands. It is our great testing place. We must take Chicago. It is a man's work and what greater task could the Brotherhood in Illinois assume than to undertake to adequately support, and maintain, and extend our evangelizing agencies in the City of Chicago?

Elyria is in Ohio, and Ohio is the State from which the Presidents come. It is the State of Garfield. Here, as a barefoot boy, he trudged the towpath of the canal; here he went to school; here he first began to preach the plea of the Disciples, and here he served as a Professor in Hiram College. From the ministry of peace he turned to the ministry of war and then to our national legislative halls, to a higher place in the nation's regard, and finally to the highest honor in the gift of a grateful people; but he never forgot that primarily he was a minister of Jesus Christ and that movement committed to the restoration of primitive Christianity. Ohio herself never forgets Garfield, and our brethren in Ohio today

do not forget that they are indebted to him and to a score of other great men among our people for setting the spirit of the movement in that great state upon a higher plane of activity. Ohio is the largest State giver to the American Christian Missionary Society. Its gifts to the Foreign Societies lead all the rest. Her gifts to the National Benevolent Association is exceeded only by Illinois and in the Christian Women's Board of Missions in 1908 she took fourth place. Her offerings to state work for 1908 were exceeded by but few states.

(James Small interjects: More *Saturday Evening Posts*, more *Ladies' Home Journals* and periodicals generally, go into Ohio than any other state in the Union.—It ought to be more CHRISTIAN MEN, too, but it isn't. Wake up fellows—It is a reading state. Reading supplies information and information makes great missionary gifts.) Oh, yes, Ohio is a

A Great Convention.

great state, and they held a great Centennial Convention at Elyria this year, where, by the way, John P. Sala is a great pastor, and if anybody should ask you, H. Newton Miller is a great Corresponding Secretary. This was a magnificent Convention. F. D. Power, of Washington, for over thirty years pastor of the Vermont Avenue Church in Washington, was the leading preacher. His theme was the Genius of the Reformation Movement, and there is probably no man among us who can more forcefully set it forth. The whole program was good. Address after address was made that seemed to reach the top mark of inspiration and information, only to see the mark carried still higher by the next. One of the most stirring events of the entire Convention was the debate between P. H. Welshimer, of Canton, Ohio, and S. S. Lappin, of the *Christian Standard*, of Cincinnati, Ohio, on the

question, "Resolved, That it is advisable to discontinue the Sunday morning sermon and substitute therefor the Bible School Session, to be followed by the communion service," Welshimer taking the affirmative and Lappin the negative. Naturally enough, the debate did not settle anything, but it served to reveal the tremendous driving qualities of Welshimer and to call new attention to the wonderful things he is doing with his Bible School at Canton. We also caught a new vision of the *Standard* editor, who revealed himself as a master of wit and repartee, at which art the Canton man was far from slow. In fact, it might be stated that, while the debate did not settle anything, the debaters settled each other several times with wit or ridicule, but in each instance the unhorsed quickly mounted again and resumed the fray. H. H. Moninger was there and conducted a most interesting conference in his usual felicitous manner. "The greatest round table man in the world," we heard someone saying, whose opportunities put them in a position to know as Moninger finished his part of the program. L. L. Faris, the adult Bible Class man of Ohio, was in charge of the program and of the other Bible School activities of the Convention, including the A. B. C. banquet. He is alive, up-to-date, devoted to his work, and a man's man, and it goes without saying, when you have once known him, his work will be well done.

The Ohio Brotherhood.

The Ohio State Brotherhood banquet was held on Wednesday night in the First Methodist Church, one hundred and eighty-six men sitting down at the tables. The General Secretary presided and the first speaker was Hon. A. R. Webber, of Elyria, whose theme was "A Man's Work in the Pulpit." The Judge has served the people of Ohio in Congress and his long expe-

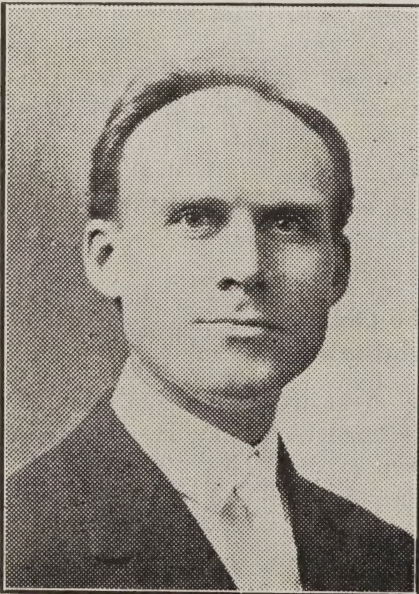
rience upon the platform and in debate has given him grace of wit and tongue. What he did to the preachers was a plenty, explaining every minute or two, however, as his pastor, sitting across the table, kept fixing a menacing eye upon him, that he did not mean Sala. The next speaker was J. K. Shellenberger, of Wooster, Ohio, and his theme was "A Man's Work In the Pew." Brother Shellenberger seemed to have ideas on this subject and his address fleshed so many darts in the vulnerable parts of the laymen at large that we shall present it in full either in this issue or in July. They say of Brother Shellenberger that he is the best politician in the state and helped to carry his county to victory in a recent local option campaign.

L. L. Faris, to whom reference has been made above, closed the campaign with an address on "A Man's Work In the Bible School." This was forcefully done and was practical as well.

By the way, Judge Webber took occasion to tell a story or two, and we are reminded just now of one that may apply to him:

A man went into a barber shop in a great hurry and asked the barber if he could cut his hair with his collar on. "Yes, sir," said the barber, and as the gentleman swept off his hat, revealing a Webber-like poll as innocent of hair as a billiard ball, with a fringe of fluffy locks at the bottom, continued, "and I can cut it with your hat on."

Our Prize Winners for April



R. B. HELSER, Centralia, Mo.

First with 36 names.

G. B. EVANS, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Second with 30 names.

W. A. FITE, Fulton, Mo.

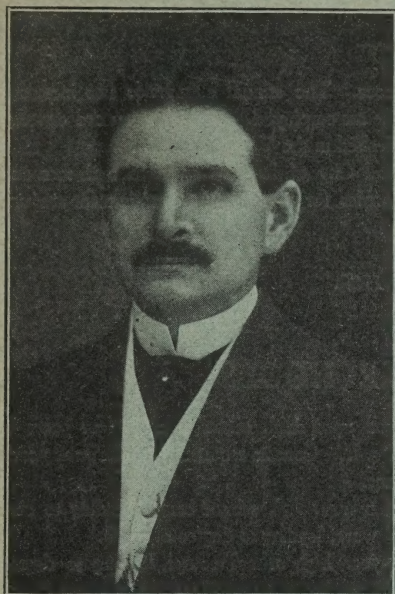
Third with 25 names.

Pretty good day for Missouri, isn't it? It looks as though Missouri was coming to the front when you notice that C. W. Comstock, of Kansas City, leads also for May with 50 names, although there is yet time for somebody to pass him.

We present herewith a picture of R. B. Helser, Pastor of the First Christian Church of Centralia, winner of the first prize. We asked him how he got his club and he answered:

"WENT AFTER THEM, THAT'S HOW."

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DES MOINES, IOWA

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Drake University is ideally located in the Capital City of Iowa, is open to both men and women on equal terms, expenses are low, and opportunities for remunerative employment are unusually good.

Summer Quarter opens June 14, 1909.

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For catalogue or other information concerning any of these colleges or schools, address,

THE PRESIDENT, Drake University,

Des Moines, Iowa